

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Learn how to live now and here

(By Dr. William Laing)

A SELF is not something you are endowed with at birth, along with your inherited attributes, your primeval wants and desires, your time ration and physical potentials. A self is something you are creating as you live day by day.

Whether that self shall be vapid or virile, barren or productive, a source of misery or a source of power—that depends upon the interests you cultivate, the thoughts you permit, the ideals you reach out after, the reactions you let yourself enjoy.

These are the words of a modern American psychologist. Life's greatest achievement, he says, is the continual remaking of yourself so that at last you know how to live.

We respond to such a statement instinctively, recognising it immediately as truth.

We remember how President Roosevelt overcame the supreme handicap of partial paralysis, how Winston Churchill faced and overcame a bad stutter so valiantly that he has become one of the world's great orators. We know how Edison invented the gramophone when deaf; how Beethoven, when deaf, composed some of his greatest symphonies; how the blind Milton wrote his great poems.

Through the glittering pages of biography we read the stories of great men who made the spirit supreme and the body its subservient instrument.

Through the centuries came the words of an ex-slave who was lame and utterly poor. "In every feast," he wrote, "there are two guests to be entertained, the body and the soul. What you give the body you presently lose, but what you give the soul remains."

His name was Epictetus. Because he evolved a personal creed of living, and stuck to it, he became one of the royal souls of all time.

How is your own mental self-command?

Do you think any thought that turns up in your head? Do you yield yourself to the emotion that comes along?

Now that you have come with me so far along the road of wise living, you probably resent the mere imputation. Already you are set for the building of a self that has poise and strength and adventurous aspiration. Already you are checking idle thinking habits and ceasing

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/c Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# Can you remember? Only ? years ago

A lot has happened. Five years since the war began. But when were you whistling "It ain't gonna rain no mo'?" When did the Mahjong craze grip you? When did you dance the Lambeth Walk, and when did you fancy yourself in wide-legged Oxford bags? This will help you to remember.



If you saw a queue outside the cinema, you could be fairly sure that the attraction was a four-year-old boy star. Queues were unusual in those days. The boy's name was Jackie Coogan.

It seems only yesterday that he was making them laugh and weep in "The Kid." Now he's a glider pilot in Burma. Well, this should give you a clue to the period we're going to try first to recall. But here are more clues.

There are other film stars. One became a famous Nazi, or so he said. Perhaps he was acting, still. His name is Emil Jannings, and there were rival queues for his "Loves of the Mighty" and Pola Negri's intriguing "Passion."

Until then, you could hear the familiar rat-rat of the postman on Sundays, but early in the year the Government stopped Sunday deliveries, and even the war has not changed the ruling.

THERE was tragedy when the R38 broke in half over Hull and 44 lives were lost in the giant airship. We never dreamed of the time when over 500 lives might be lost in bomber crews during a single night.

There were alleged champions of the people—but at least one of them, Horatio Bottomley, was engaged in legal trouble. An almost unknown Reuben Bigland had been arrested for alleged criminal libel on Bottomley—and the final drama was not to be played out until next year.

One of the most popular tunes of the year was "March of the Wooden Soldiers." Can you place the year? We will call it YEAR "A," and the answer is given at the end of this article.

Just one more clue. It was the year of Rudolph Valentino's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Kiddies in the street called this, in fun, "Four horsemen of the eucalyptus," but the fun went out of the eucalyptus joke when this drug was needed vitally to cope with the great 'flu epidemic which between January 1 and February 4 of YEAR "B" carried off 13,000 people. The Bottomley legal farce was played out, and he began his seven years' penal servitude for fraudulent conversion.

Already a new hero had arisen, of a very different calibre. His name was M. Coue, and we began to kid ourselves that every day in

every way we were getting better and better.

But where were we really going? History must judge.

Mussolini marched into Rome. A little group of 300 men, scoffed at for being eccentric, became the first shareholders of a group called the "British Broadcasting Company"; and Lloyd George went out of office.

Oxford bags, as wide as 24 inches across the turn-up, be-

## Chris Gould remembers

came the vogue, and we were all very proud of ourselves and did not worry about Mussolini marching with his black-shirts through Rome while we sported our light grey flannels.

All this happened in YEAR "B." Can you place it? Just one more clue. Mr. Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon discovered the Tutankhamen tomb, and a song was written about "King Tut."

There's a grim echo of King Tut in the next year we'll try to remember—YEAR "C." Tragedy overtook some of the crews who had been working on the Tomb excavations, and later still Lord Carnarvon's death revived the strange theory of the Curse of Tutankhamen.

## Have these modern Psychology Tips helped you?—Let us know your views

to dwell emotionally upon resentments and animosities, criticisms and disappointments.

Yes, I know that you made a good resolution the other day—and then let it slide. But you probably picked up the shattered fragments of the resolution, patched it up—and tried again. You were drawing a lesson.

It all boils down to the simple fact that human beings are incurable optimists. We all want to live perfect lives—perfect because satisfying—and that's why we're always making plans about the kind of world we want to live in.

Have you noticed that it's never the world of the present? The grass across the way always looks greener than the sward we are standing on, and there's one more lesson to be learned from this prevalent type of futuristic thinking.

You are living in the present, whether you like it or not. And in your own inner personal life things may never be different.

Making up your mind to that interest. Read twenty pages or its equivalent.

When you've performed these two disciplines, trivial though they seem, you'll feel you've had a mental dry-cleaning. You're still living in the present, but you'll feel that somehow some subtle change has come to it.

The change, of course, is in yourself. The two disciplines, slight though they were, have broadened your mental horizons and your outlook.

You've gone into them, you see, while knowing what you were doing. Your thoughts have been trained and directed to an act of will-power, self-power.

Simple? There are plenty of unhappy folk in the world who are wasting to-day's realities and possibilities for to-morrow's speculations. They're sitting bored at a great entertainment, waiting for a better show which may never open.

Learning to live now is the supreme achievement of mind over matter. In your grasp is a magic key to unlock a treasury of happiness.

This Year "C" has some lighter moment to help you recall it. There was the great Cup Final crash, when 14 mounted police had to disperse some of the 160,000 who packed into the new Wembley Stadium, built to hold only 125,000, so that over 30,000 were crowded on to the field.

This year, too, is notable for the word "robot." It was coined by Karel Capek, who wrote the brilliant Czech play "R.U.R." Now we almost take "robot" as part of basic English!

There were murder stories that made front-page news. Frederick Bywaters and Mrs. Thompson were hanged for murder. Mme. Fahmy was acquitted of having shot her husband in the Savoy Hotel—and threw a huge acquittal party.

Can you place Year "C"? Here are a few more clues. Bernard Shaw completed "St. Joan." "Yes, We Have No Bananas" reached its peak of fame. An almost unknown Mr. Morris down at Oxford achieved a small news paragraph by a record of making 500 cars in one week.

And, without much fuss, the Duke of York was married to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

There's another year yet to guess. We'll call it YEAR "D." Its theme-song was "What'll I Do?" which you could hear whistled at every street-corner. It was the year of Noel Coward's "The Vortex." When "What'll I Do?" faded, in came "Horsey, Keep Your Tail Up." Does that help you to remember? If you're fond of horses, you may recall that this

was the year in which the Derby was won by a Lord Derby for the first time in 138 years, and a horse which certainly did keep its tail up was Sansovino, which a bowler-hatted Lord Derby led in after winning at 9-2.

There were grim events, such as the Crumbles murder case, of which Patrick Mahon then stood accused. There were gay, crazy contrasts, such as the Bright Young Things who started the motor-car Treasure Hunt racket, and poured petrol on the Thames in an attempt to set it on fire.

Finally—this should make it

a piece of cake for you—this was the year in which the British Empire Exhibition opened at Wembley under the first Labour Government, and 400,000 people watched the King drive up while massed choirs sang Blake's "Jerusalem."

If this clue has solved the riddle for you, then what about the "Lambeth Walk"? In which year did you sing it—Year "A," "B," "C," or "D"?

ANSWERS.—Year "D" was exactly 20 years ago—1924. Year "A" was 1921, Year "B" 1922, and Year "C" 1923. The "Lambeth Walk" was not composed until ten years later.

## HOME TOWN NEWS

### SCOTS' GIFTIE.

HERE'S a queer experience of an English war worker transferred to Edinburgh. He was late and rushing to work the other Sunday morning when he was stopped by a young woman, who was accompanied by a Royal Scot, and was carrying a baby. The woman asked the man to accept "this."

The gift, he found, was a christening piece—a piece of cake, which an old Scottish custom decrees should be handed to the first male if the child is a girl, after the ceremony.

The recipient is expected to accept the gift and wish the baby long life and happiness and make suitable response in the way of some small monetary token of his good wishes. The Sassenach only found out how discourteous he had been when he arrived at his factory and had the gift explained to him.

He enlisted the assistance of a local newspaper to find the baby and her parents, and sent along a handsomely stamped War Savings card. Baby duly got its generous gift, much to the astonishment of the young parents, who were only following out an old custom, and had no idea that the recipient of the "christening gift" would bother to make so kindly a response to people he did not know.

### RICH CAKE.

THERE'S a U.S. Army camp "up the river" from a certain S.W. town.

The troops like "a piece of cake," but there's many a baker near.

One day a kid from the town was told by one of the men that he'd give him half-a-crown for a cake. The youngster, who knew he could buy one for 9d., closed the deal.

The news spread, and now on a morning you can see scores of "get-rich-quick" juveniles on the steamer which lands them near the camp—all carrying baskets of cakes!

## J.S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

One-pound notes were issued by the Bank of England in 1797, and remained in circulation until 1823. A further issue in 1825 lasted only a short time. It was not until 1928 that the Bank again issued £1 as well as 10s. notes.

The National Debt of this country first became important in 1684, when £1,000,000 was raised by William III on the security of the public revenue. Four years later the debt had increased to £16 millions. After Waterloo, in 1815, it stood at £385 millions. The Great War of 1914-18 sent it up to £7,800 millions, and it has been rising ever since.

In admiration of the part played by Great Britain in the 1914-18 war, an American named E. S. Harkness founded the Pilgrim Trust with a sum of about £2,000,000. The trustees, who included Lord Baldwin and John Buchan, the writer, were to distribute this money in Great Britain at their discretion, and the terms of the deed covered charitable, educational and national institutions.

What are known as Sumptuary Laws, or laws against luxury, were imposed by Edward III and Henry VIII, prescribing the quality of the cloth to be worn by persons of different ranks, and other curious restrictions. The last of these laws were repealed by Queen Victoria.

The ancient instrument of torture known as the thumbscrew consisted of a frame of three upright bars between which the thumb of the victim was inserted; then a screw was turned on with sufficient force to give intense pain without jeopardising life.

Music was supposed to cure the sting of the tarantula, a large hairy spider found in Italy, hence the tarantula dance.

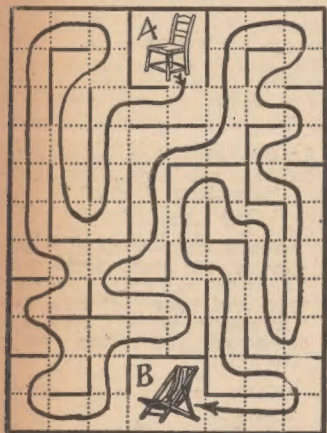


# THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre  
Dumas—Part 12

AFTER having thanked his fellow-citizens, Cornelius proceeded to his old paternal house and gave directions for some repairs, which he wished to have executed before the arrival of his wife and children; and thence he wended his way to the house of his godson, who, perhaps, was the only person in Dort as yet unacquainted with the presence of Cornelius in the town.

In the same degree as Cornelius De Witte had excited the hatred of the people, by sowing those evil seeds which are called political passions, Van



Answer to Puzzle in S 58.

Solution to Mediterranean  
Ports in S 58.  
TRIPOLI.

## QUIZ for today

1. A warragal is a native dance. Australian dog, Egyptian plant, Indian bird, Mexican drink?
2. Who wrote (a) The Judge. (b) Justice?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Nervo and Knox, Burns and Allen, Flanagan and Allen, Lilley and Skinner, Bennett and Williams.
4. Who is the President of Eire?
5. Greenwich Observatory was founded in 1645, 1655, 1665, 1675, 1685, 1785?
6. Socrates was a Greek athlete, scientist, philosopher, playwright, poet?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Grotesque, Gregarious, Greivance, Greasey, Grumous, Gymnasium.
8. General Eisenhower's initials are D.D. What are his names?
9. What is the rule of the road in Switzerland?
10. How many oxides of lead are there, and what are their commercial names?
11. Starting at 20, what are the numbers on the left-hand side of a dartboard?
12. What plant belonging to the lily family do we eat?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 348

1. Musket.
2. (a) W. S. Gilbert, (b) Shakespeare.
3. Flint is in Wales; others in England.
4. Hockey.
5. The "Endeavour."
6. The pith of a palm tree.
7. Piccolo, Perimeter.
8. T. J. Matthews, the Australian, at Manchester, 1912.
9. Tallinn.
10. W. W. Ellis, at Rugby, 1823.
11. William III, succeeded by Queen Anne.
12. Dante, Dryden, Donne.

# 'Honest Isaac Choked with Rage'

Baerle had gained the affections of his fellow-citizens by completely shunning the pursuit of politics, absorbed as he was in the peaceful pursuit of cultivating tulips.

Van Baerle was truly beloved by his servants and labourers; nor had he any conception that there was in this world a man who wished ill to another.

And yet it must be said, to the disgrace of mankind, that Cornelius Van Baerle, without being aware of the fact, had a much more ferocious, fierce, and implacable enemy than the Grand Pensionary and his brother had among the Orange party.

At the time when Cornelius Van Baerle began to devote himself to tulip-growing, depending on this hobby his yearly revenue and the guilders of his father, there was at Dort, living next door to him, a citizen of the name of Isaac Bostel, who, from the age when he was able to think for himself, had indulged the same fancy, and who was in ecstasies at the mere mention of the word tulips.

Bostel had not the good fortune of being rich like Van Baerle. He had, therefore, with great care and patience, and by dint of strenuous exertions, laid out, near his house at Dort, a garden fit for the culture of his cherished flower; he had mixed the soil according to the most approved prescriptions, and given to his hotbeds just as much heat and fresh air as the strictest rules of horticulture exact.

Isaac knew the temperature of his frames to the twentieth part of a degree. He knew the strength of the current of air, and tempered it so as to adapt it to the wave of the stem of his flowers. His productions also began to meet with the favour of the public. They were beautiful, nay, distinguished. Several fanciers had come to see Bostel's tulips. He had even started a tulip which bore his name, and which, after having travelled all through France, had found its way into Spain, and penetrated as far as Portugal; and the King, Don Alphonso VI—who, being expelled from Lisbon, retired to the Island of Terceira, where he amused himself, not like the Great Conde, with watering his carnations, but with growing tulips—had, on seeing the Bostel tulip, exclaimed, "Not so bad, by any means!"

All at once, Cornelius Van Baerle, who, after all his learned pursuits, had been seized with the tulipomania, made some changes in his house at Dort, which, as we have stated, was next door to that of Bostel. He raised a certain building in his courtyard by a story, which, shutting out the sun, took half a degree of warmth from Box-

tel's garden, and, on the other hand, added half a degree of cold in winter; not to mention that it cut the wind, and disturbed all the horticultural calculations and arrangements of his neighbour.

After all, this mishap appeared to Bostel of no great consequence. Van Baerle was but a painter, a sort of fool who tried to reproduce, and disfigure on canvas, the wonders of nature. The painter, he thought, had raised his studio by a story to get better light, and thus he had only been in the right. Mynheer Van Baerle was a painter, as Mynheer Bostel was a tulip-grower; he wanted somewhat more sun for his paintings, and he took half a degree from his neighbour's tulips.

The law was for Van Baerle, and Bostel had to abide by it. Besides which, Isaac had made the discovery that too much sun was injurious to tulips, and that this flower grew quicker and had a better colouring with the temperate warmth of morning than with the powerful heat of the mid-day sun. He therefore felt almost grateful to Cornelius Van Baerle for having given him a screen gratis.

Maybe this was not quite in accordance with the true state of things in general, and of Isaac Bostel's feelings in particular. It is certainly astonishing what rich comfort great

minds, in the midst of momentous catastrophes, will derive from the consolations of philosophy.

But alas! what was the agony of the unfortunate Bostel on seeing the windows of the new story set out with bulbs and seedlings of tulips for the border, and tulips in pots; in short, with everything pertaining to the pursuits of a tulip-fancier.

There were bundles of labels, cupboards, and drawers with compartments, and wire guards for the cupboards to allow free access to the air whilst keeping out slugs, mice, dormice and rats, all of them very curious fanciers of tulips at two thousand francs a bulb.

Bostel was quite amazed when he saw all this apparatus, but he was not as yet aware of the full extent of his misfortune. Van Baerle was known to be fond of everything that pleases the eye. He studied nature in all her aspects for the benefit of his paintings, which were as minutely finished as those of Gerald Dow, his master, and Mieris, his friend. Was it not possible that, having to paint the interior of a tulip-grower's, he had collected in his new studio all the accessories of decoration?

Yet, although thus consoling himself with illusory suppositions, Bostel was not able to resist the burning curiosity which was devouring him. In the evening, therefore, he

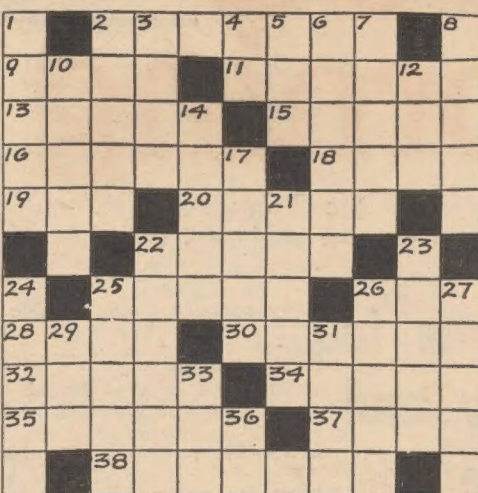


"My young masters think I'm watching their stickle-backs, but I can hardly keep my eyes open... I really must get a few minutes' doze before they look round."

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 False rumours.
- 9 Un-favoured.
- 11 Started voyage.
- 13 Raven's note.
- 15 Colour.
- 16 Nut tree.
- 18 Profound.
- 19 Animal.
- 20 Stories.
- 22 Rugby tussle.
- 25 Anaesthetic.
- 26 Pile.
- 28 A distance.
- 30 Common mineral.
- 32 Violent adherent.
- 34 Europeans.
- 35 Of nominal rank.
- 37 Legal breach.
- 38 Prescription.

### FIGS HOARD

UNIQUE NEON  
ECRU MANAGE  
LILAC NURSE  
T TODDLE D  
NET CUR DRY  
I UPKEEP E  
CAROL WILDS  
EMBLEM POUT  
ROOK EVINCE  
START TEEM

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 White-flowered plant.
- 2 Niggardly.
- 3 Native nurse.
- 4 Because.
- 5 Male animal.
- 6 Crown.
- 7 Swings round.
- 8 Expert.
- 10 Diagram.
- 12 Time before.
- 14 Coasting vessel.
- 17 Merchandise.
- 21 Gearing.
- 22 Tried hard.
- 23 Sudden difficulty.
- 24 Domestic pet.
- 25 Keen.
- 26 Silk fabric.
- 27 Sticky stuff.
- 29 Tree.
- 31 Ex.
- 33 Sheep.
- 36 Note of music.

placed a ladder against the partition wall between their gardens, and, looking into that of his neighbour Van Baerle, he convinced himself that the soil of a large square bed, which had formerly been occupied by different plants, was removed, and the ground disposed in beds of loam mixed with river mud (a combination which is particularly favourable to the tulip), and the whole surrounded by a border of turf to keep the soil in its place. Besides this, sufficient shade to temper the noon-day heat, aspect S.S.W., water in abundant supply, and at hand; in short, every requirement to ensure not only success, but also progress. There could not be a doubt but that Van Baerle had become a tulip-grower.

Bostel at once pictured to himself this learned man, with a capital of four hundred thousand, and a yearly income of ten thousand guilders, devoting all his intellectual and financial resources to the cultivation of the tulip. He foresaw his neighbour's success, and he felt such a pang at the mere idea of this success, that his hands dropped powerless, his knees trembled, and he fell in despair from the ladder.

And thus it was not for the sake of painted tulips, but for real ones, that Van Baerle took from him half a degree of warmth. And thus Van Baerle was to have the most admirably fitted aspect, and, besides, a large, airy, and well-ventilated chamber, where to preserve his bulbs and seedlings; whilst he, Bostel, had been obliged to give up for this purpose his bedroom, and, lest his sleeping in the same apartment might injure his bulbs and seedlings, had taken up his abode in a miserable garret. Bostel, then, was to have next door to him a rival and successful competitor; and his rival, instead of being some unknown, obscure gardener, was the godson of Mynheer Cornelius De Witte, that is to say, a celebrity.

Bostel, as the reader may see, was not possessed of the

spirit of Porus, who, on being conquered by Alexander, consoled himself with the celebrity of his conqueror.

And now if Van Baerle produced a new tulip, and named it the John De Witte, after having named one the Cornelius? It was indeed enough to choke honest Isaac with rage.

Thus Bostel, with jealous foreboding, became the prophet of his own misfortune. And after having made this melancholy discovery, he passed the most wretched night imaginable.

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—295

1. Put a greasy substance in APPS and make some dates.
2. In the following proverb, both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it? **Pale okol feebro uyo.**
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change ARM into LEG and then back again into ARM, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden flower in the following sentence: **I will send you a parcel, and, in expectation of a reply, a letter.** (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 294

1. BREWER Y.
2. A burnt child dreads the fire.
3. SAGE, wage, ware, were, here, HERB, herd, hard, hare, care, cage, SAGE.
4. Ger-many.

### IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

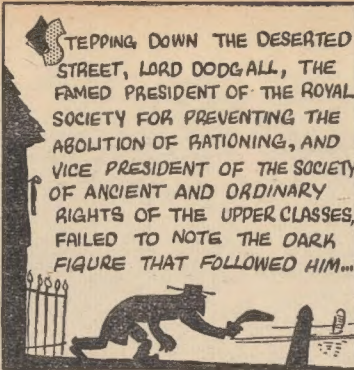
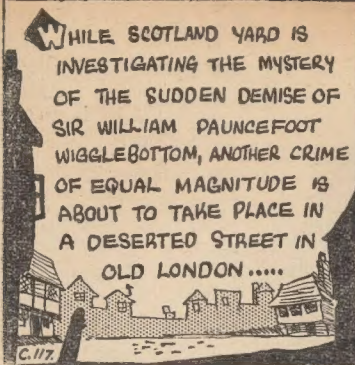
County was originally the territory of a count or earl, and is now one of the administrative areas into which the kingdom is divided. Some cities and towns, such as London, are counties in themselves, so constituted by charter.

Hadji is a title given to any Mussulman who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He can be recognised by his green turban.

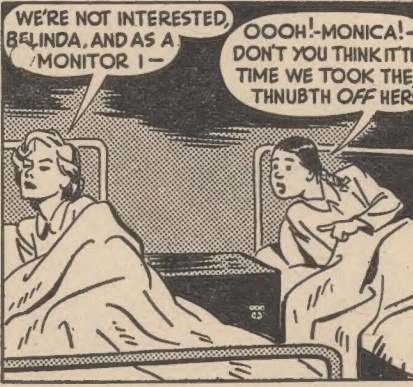
Infallibility is the Roman Catholic doctrine that accords the Pope divine immunity from error in the execution of all that pertains to his pontifical functions. It was first proclaimed a dogma of the Church in 1870.



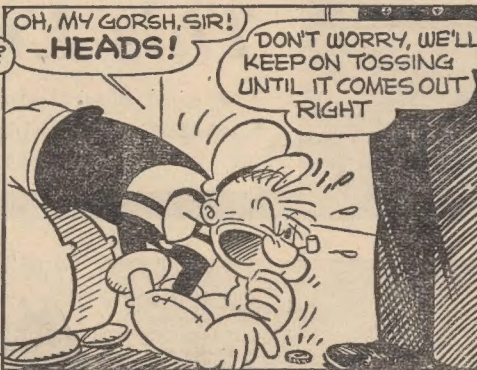
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



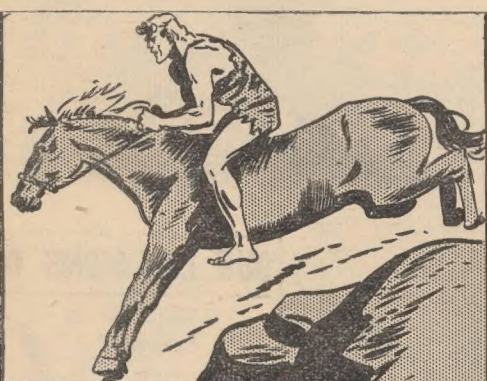
## POPEYE



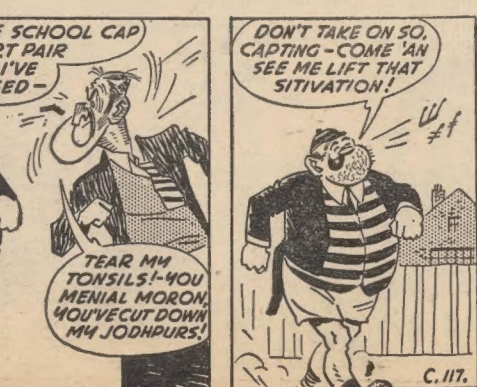
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Britain in the South Seas

By JOHN FLEETWOOD

QUEEN SALOTE TOBOU, coloured 43-year-old monarch of the Kingdom of Tonga, has been celebrating the silver jubilee of her rule over 32,000 inhabitants of a South Pacific Arcadia.

These "Friendly Isles," of which two were permanently submerged under a tidal wave in 1919, are the only islands in the British Empire ruled by a native administration.

The tall, New Zealand-educated queen, with her ministers, is an honours graduate of the school of democratic good fellowship on which Britain brings up her Empire. For her domain is an exemplary state, solvent and well governed.

Every native, on coming of age, receives a plot of land on the main island, Tongatabu, along with a share of another, perhaps 100 miles away, where he must cultivate coconuts for copra, the principal export of the group. Every month there is an official inspection of lands and homes.

There is no poverty in this happy, fertile land of island homesteads; debt and discontent are unknown, and flowers bloom incessantly in the delightful climate.

## A HAPPY LAND.

The Tongans, a strong, intelligent people, are one of the few island races which are rapidly increasing.

All are Christians; there is a native college on Tongatabu, and if you talk with any of its graduates you will find them in most respects as able and intelligent as the average Briton, keenly interested in their work and proud to belong to the British Commonwealth.

The Tongans should not be confused with Rarotogas, not so far distant, but whose incorrigible native weakness for strong liquor led its New Zealand owners to make the island "dry"—a law which the people promptly circumvented with a secret concoction.

Queen Salote is a keen sportswoman, otherwise she patterns her life on that of Queen Victoria, for whom this island people had a vast admiration. She married at 17, her husband becoming Prince Consort and Prime Minister. But you have to go back to the time of the Norman Conquest to find the first of the Tubous island rulers.

To open the Tongan parliament, the queen drives to the government house in a modern car, arrayed in ermine robes and wearing a gold crown. But for traditional ceremonies she goes barefoot, in native dress, with flowers in her hair.

Of the thirty inhabited coral islands which comprise her kingdom, Queen Salote early on gave one for use as an airfield, along with a present to Britain of £10,000. In October last year (1943) she repeated the gift.



Recently she reviewed her Defence Force, which she herself raised, the women making and repairing all the uniforms. Many of the Force elected to go overseas. Under a commander of their own race they have been doing good service in the Solomons and New Guinea with those other island patriots, the Fijians, about 400 miles to the north-west.

## FAR, FAR AWAY.

After sending abroad many individual groups of volunteers, for the first time in their history the people of Fiji's 250 islands lately despatched their own combatant contingent overseas to form part of the now famous International Brigade. And when the 1st Battalion, Fiji Infantry Regiment, embarked at Suva, the capital, observers described the occasion as the most moving spectacle they'd ever seen.

But the men going overseas left behind them some of the best Home Guards in the Colonial Empire—smart on parade, efficient in action.

Accustomed to going barefoot, Fiji's Home Guard may have taken a little while to get used to army boots. But after that, never a grouse was heard, even when the mistake was made of issuing right boots to one lot of men, lefts only to another.

Every man attended parade without complaint, until, after six weeks, the error was noted by an inspecting quartermaster. The Q.M. corrected the oversight almost overnight, although the lefts had all gone to the men on another island.



Good  
Morning



## *This England*

The gentle sunlight and shade of a Summer's morning in Wickham, Berks.



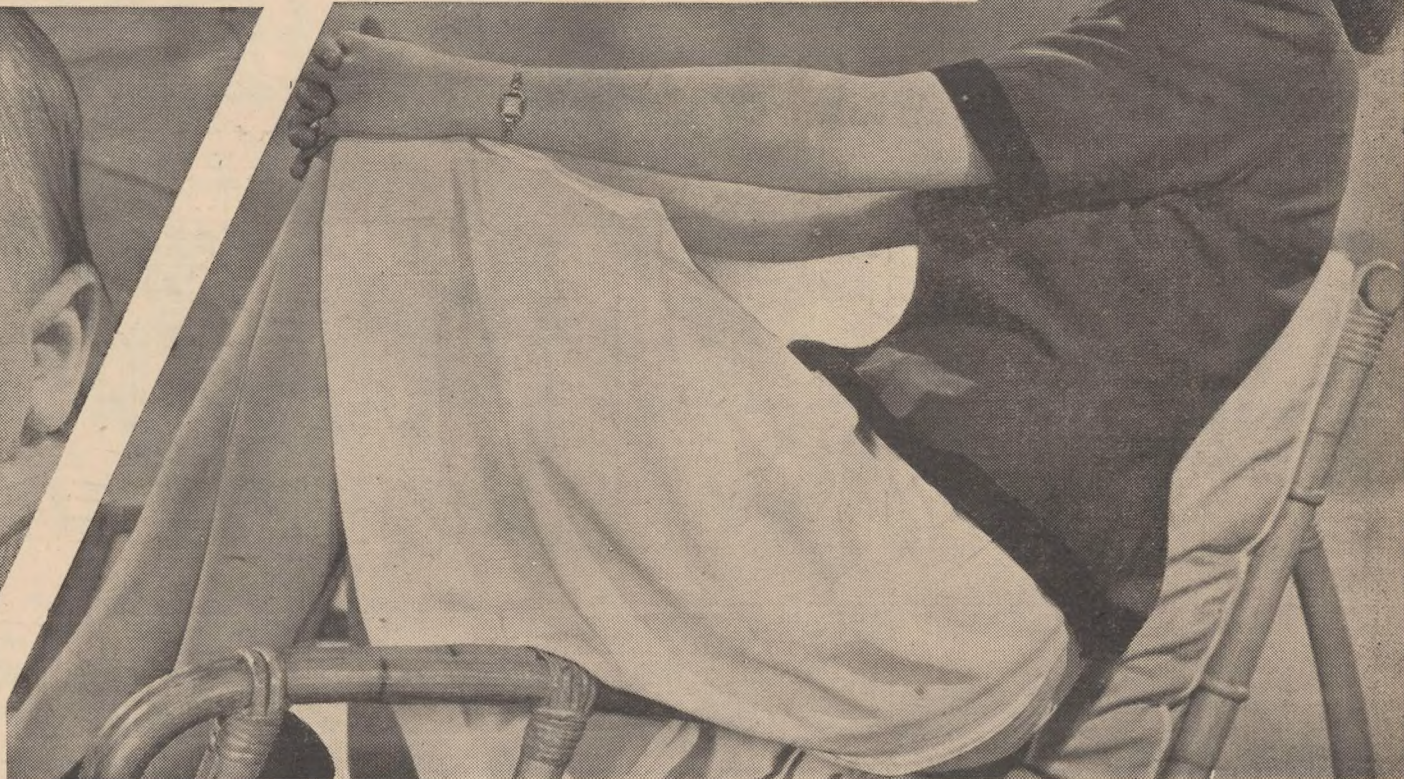
"Don't be so astonished!"

"Well, how can I help it — I'm a marmot!"

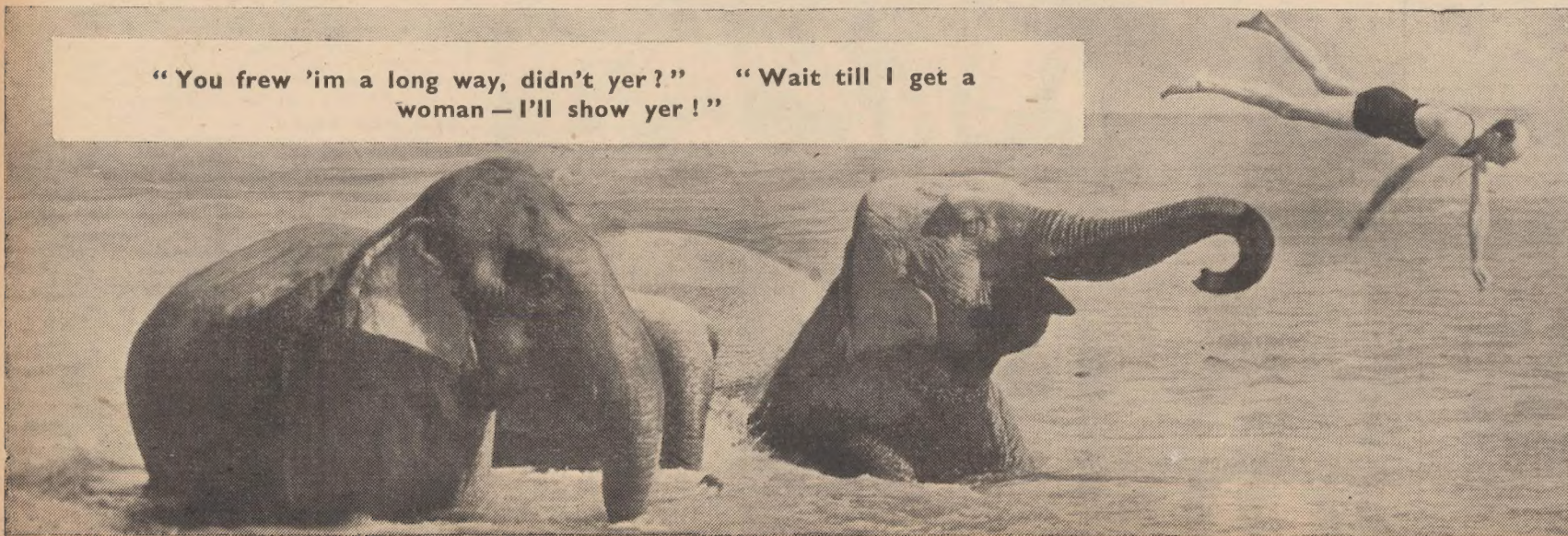
★  
Paramount's  
lovely Star,  
Barbara Brit-  
ton, shows us  
her wrist-  
watch  
(at least).  
★



"Ah! Don't worry, kid. Lammikins will see you through the night."



"You flew 'im a long way, didn't yer?" "Wait till I get a woman — I'll show yer!"



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Yes, I was  
'frown'  
too."

